MRS. MAY ENDS A MUTINY.

She Comes on Deck, Revolver in Hand, as

only thing to do was to threaten to take the watch away from Messenwah, but to give him a revolver besides, which would make a friend This was done, and Messenwah agreed willingly to their proposition, and was given his
trevolver and shown how to shoot it, while the
other presents were distributed among the
other men, who were as happy over them as a
girl over a full dance card.

The natives, awed and afraid, crouched back
girl over a full dance card.

other men, who were as happy over them as a girl over a full dance card.

"And now tomorrow," said Stedman, "understand you are all to come down unarmed and sign a treaty with great Ollypybus, in which he will agree to keep to one-half of the island if you keep to yours, and there must be no more wars or goat stealing of this gentleman on my right, or I will come up and put holes in you just as the gentleman on the left did with the goat." Messenwah and his warriors promised to come early and saluted reverently as

away together very proudly and stiffly.
"Do you know how I feel," said Gordon.

"How?" asked Stedman.
"I feel as I used to in the city when the

"I feel as I used to in the city when the boys in the street were throwing snow balls and I had to go by with a high hat on my head and pretend not to know they were behind me. I always felt a cold chill down my spinal column and I could feel that snow ball, whether it came or not, right in the small of my back. And I can feel one of those men pulling his bow and the arrow sticking out of my right shoulder."

"Oh no you and "said Stedman "Thor

senwah doesn't like, now that he has that revolver. He isn't the sort to practice on gosts."

There was great rejoicing when Stedman and
Gordon told their story to the king and the
people learned they were not to have their huts
burned and their cattle stolen. The armed
Opekians formed a guard around the embassadors and escorted them to their homes with

row," said Gordon that evening, "and we had better turn in early." And so the people were still singing and rejoicing down in the village when the two conspirators for the peace of the country went to sleep for the night. It seemed

to Gordon as though he had hardly turned his pillow twice to get the coolest side when some one touched him, and he saw by the light of

the dozen glow worms in the tumbler by his bedside a tall figure at its foot.

"R's me—Bradley," said the figure.
"Yes," raid Gordon, with the haste of a man to show that sleep has no hold on him, "ex-actly; what is it?"
"There is a ship of war in the harbor," said

Bradley, in a whisper. "I heard her anchor chains rattle when she came to and that woke

A MAN STOOD BY HIS BED

Gordon and his three companions marched | saw him coming and nudged the one next him

had better get some more sleep, and Bradley you keep watch and tell us as soon as day breaks."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the sailor.
"If that's the man-of-war that made the treaty with Messenwah and Messenwah turns up tomorrow it looks as if our day would be pretty well filled up," said Albert, as they felt their way back in the darkness.
"What do you intend to do?" asked the secre-

"What do you intend to do?" asked the secre-tary, with a voice of some concern.
"I don't know," Albert answered, gravely, from the blackness of the night. "It looks as if we were getting ahead just a little too fast, doesn't it? Well," he added, as they reached the house, "let's try to keep in step with the procession even if we can't be drum majors and walk in front of it." And with this cheering tone of confidence in their ears the two diplo-mats went soundly asleep again. mats went soundly asleep again.

The light of the rising sun filled the room

and the parrots were chattering outside when Bradley woke him again.

"They are sending a boat ashore, sir." he said, excitedly and filled with the importance of the occasion. "She's a German man-of-war and one of the new model. A beautiful boat, sir, for her lines were laid in Glasgow, and I can tell that, no matter what fiag she flies. You had best be moving to meet them; the

Albert took a cold bath and dressed leisurely.

Albert took a cold bath and dressed leisurely.

Then he made Bradley, jr., who had slept through it all, get up breakfast, and the two young men ate it and drank their coffee comfortably and with an air of confidence that deceived their servants if it did not deceive

THE REPORTER WHO MADE

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Continued.

a revolver besides, which would make a friend of him for life, and to keep him supplied with cartridges only as long as he behaved himself, and then to make him understand that as Ollypybus had not given his consent to the loss of the island Messenwah's agreement or treaty or whatever it was did not stand, and that he had better come down the next day early in the morning and have a general consultation. This was done, and Messenwah agreed willingly to their proposition and proposition and the figure of the said. "Explain to them what this means; tell them that I will protect them; that I am anxious to do all we can for them." Outside on the shore a second boat's crew had landed a group of officers and a file of marines. They walked in the figure of the figure o

"Aye, aye, sir," said the sailor.

"Firing on us," he cried. "On us. Don't you see? Don't you understand? What do we ount to? They have fired on the American flag. Don't you see what that means? It means war. A great international war. And I am a war correspondent at last." He ran up to Stedman and seized him by the arm so tightly that it hurt.

"To don't you see what that means? It means war. A great international war. And I am a war correspondent at last." He ran up to Stedman and seized him by the arm so tightly that it hurt.

"I didn't say anything about the massacre of anybody, did I?" asked Gordon. "I hope they are not improving on my account. What am I to do? This is getting awful. "I'll have to go

"By 3 o'clock," he said, "they will know in the office what has happened. The country will know it tomorrow morning when the paper is on the street; people will read it all over the world. The emperor will hear of it at breakfast, the President will cable for further particulars. He will get them. It is the chance of a lifetime and we are on the spot." Stedman did not hear this; he was watching the broad side of the ship to see another puff of white smoke, but there came no such sign. The two side of the ship to see another puff of white smoke, but there came no such sign. The two row boats were raised, there was a cloud of black smoke from the funnel. a creaking of chains sounding faintly across the water and the ship started at half speed and moved out of the harbor. The Opekians and the Hillmen fell on their knees, or to dancing as best suited their sense of relief, but Gordon shook his have got to kill some of them now."

Again Stedman read impressively like the spot they stopped at before or to take up another position further out at sea. They will land men and then shell the town, and the land forces will march here and co-operate with the voices of land were and the same color as the gown hilled. We have the center of the stage and we complete the such as a same of the same color as the gown hilled. We have the center of the stage and we color to the same and the same color and the same color as the gown muzzle.

Send full details massacre of American that the natives of Opeki had ever seen. Six great ships-of-war, stretching out over a league of sea, stood blackly out against the red back of the skirt hardly more than touches the great ships-of-war, stretching out over a league of sea, stood blackly out against the red back of the skirt hardly more than touches the great ships-of-war, stretching out over a league of sea, stood blackly out against the red back of the skirt hardly more than touches the great ships-of-war, stretching out over a league of sea, stood blackly out against the red back of the skirt hardly more than touches the great ships-of-war, stretching out over a league of sea, stood blackly out against the red back of the skirt hardly more than touches the stood his prised ships. It is of very light-and stood of sea, stood blackly out against the red back of the skirt hardly more than touches the stood his prised ships of sea, stood blackly out against the red back of sea, stood blackly out out out of sea, stood blackly out out out out of ships plack smoke and burning sparks u

And for no reason that I can see except to make copy for your paper."

"Tell those people to get their things together," said Gordon, "and march back out of danger into the woods. Tell Ollypybus I am going to fix things all right; I don't know just how yet, but I will, and then come after me as quickly as you can to the cable office. I've got to tall the near all about it." It was 8 o'clock to tell the paper all about it." It was 3 o'clock before the "chap at Octavia" answered Sted-man's signalling. Then Stedman delivered Gordon's message and immediately shut off all

Francisco.
"Stedman," cried Gordon, jumping to his

far; they apparently do know more than we do and I have filled it full of prophesies of more trouble ahead and with interviews with myself

groaned, looking at him helplessly, "what am I going to do?"
"Well, as for me," said Stedman, "I'm afraid to go near that cable. It's like playing with a live wire. My nervous system won't stand many more such shocks as those they gave us

"Yes, I do," said Gordon. "I don't want any

more messages than I've got. That's the best I can do," he said, as he threw his manuscript down beside Stedman. "And they can keep on cabling until the wire burns red hot and they

taken for an attack on the Kaiser, was answered by that vessel. Her first shot took immediate effect, completely destroying the entire battery of the Opekians, cutting down the American flag and destroying the houses of the

"Well, that was the whole battery, wasn't it?" asked Gordon, "and two huts is plural. I said houses of the people—I couldn't say two house of the people. Just you send this as you get it. You are not an American consul at the moment. You are an underpaid agent of a cable company and you send my stuff as I write it. I The American residents have taken refuge in the consulate (that's us, explained Gordon) and the English residents have sought refuge in the woods (that's the Bradleys). King Tallamman (that's me) declares his intention of fighting against the annexation. The forces of the Opekians are under the command of Capt. Thos. Bradley (I guess I might as well make him a colonel, of Col. Thos. Bradley of the English army."

him a colonel of Col. Thos. Bradley of the English army."

"The American consul says—now, what do you say, Stedman? Hurry up, please?" asked Gordon. "And say something good and strong."

"You get me all mixed up," complained Stedman, plaintively. "Which am I now, a cable operator or the American consul?"

"Consul, of course. Say something patriotic and about your determination to protect the interests of your government and all that." Gordon bit the end of his pen impatiently and waited.
"I won't be anything of the sort, Gordon,"
said Stedman. "You are getting me into an
awful lot of trouble and yourself, too. I won't

The captain turned to one of his officers and said something, and then after giving another curious glance at Gordon raised his book and continued reading in a deep, unruffled monotone. The officer whispered an order and two of the marines stepped out of line and, dropping the muzzles of their muskets, pushed Gordon. "And there with his lips white and trembling all over with indignation. He would have liked to have rushed back into the lines and broken the captain's spectacles over his sun-tanned nose and cheeks, but he was quite sure this would only result in his getting shot or in his being made ridiculous before the natives, and that was almost as bad, so he stood still for a moment with his blood choking him and then turned and walked back to where the king and Stedman were whispering together. Just as he turned one of the men pulled the halyards, the ball of bunting ran up into the air, bobbed, twitched and turned and broke into the folds of the German flag. At the same moment the marines raised their muskets and fired a volley and the officers saluted and the sailors cheered. "Do you see that?" cried Stedman, catching Gordon's humor, to Ollypybus. "That means that you are no longer king; that strange people are coming here to take your land, turn your people into servants and to drive you back into the mountains. Are you going to submit—are you going to let that flag stay where it is?"

"Messenwah and Ollypybus gazed at one another with fearful, helpless eyes. "We are afraid," Ollypybus cried. "We do not know what we should do."

"What do they say?" asked Gordon.

"They say they do not know what to do."

www. will go and take a look at new.

You can see nothing but the lights," said diley, as he left the room: "it's a black ht, sir." Stedman was not new from the ht of men and ships of war, and came in if dressed and eagor.

"Do you suppose it's the big cance Messensha spoke off' he said.

"But I will pull it down," cried Gordon. "I will resign as Travis did. I am no longer consul. You can be consult if you want to. I promote you. I am going up a step higher. I mean to be a king. Tell those two," he ran implements evessel, still more immense in the darknesse and glowing like a strange monster of the sea with just a suggestion here and there, where the lights spread, of her cabin and bridges. As they stood on the shore shivering in the cool night wind they heard the belis strike over the nights wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night wind they heard the belis strike over the night sead of the village.

"This tag the man believe where she was assemble to be a king. Tell those two," he ran rines.

"This is a tremendous chance for descriptive withing the manifest." The man to be a king. Tell those two," he ran rines.

"This is a tremendous chance for descriptive witing. Stedman, "is like the people getting out of the said the people getting out of the said. It's like the people getting out of the mean

And the expression on Gordon's law essage was slowly read off to him had changed essage was slowly read off to which port she applaine.

If the means of the was trained on him we seel and which was first fired on him. But you must know, my dear Stedman, that before him arrival war vessels belonging to the several powers mentioned in my revised bulletins had started for Opeki at full speed to revenge the both into a blazing, blood of the way with the clouds seemed to touch the several war out improving on my account. What am I have to go were mentioned at the cannon which was trained on him wessel and which was first fired on him. But you must know, my dear Stedman, that before him the cannon which was trained on him wessel and which was first fired on him. But you must know, my dear Stedman, that before him the cannon which was trained on him wessel and which was first fired on him. But you must know, my dear Stedman, that before him the cannon which was trained on him was

curtain and colored the most wonderful spectacle that the natives of Opeki had ever seen. Six

"Stedman," cried Gordon, jumping to his feet, "there's a mistake here somewhere. These people cannot all have made my message read like that. Some one has altered it, and now I have got to make these people here live up to that message, whether they like being massacred and blown up or not. Don't answer any of those things, except Dodge's. Tell him things have quieted down a bit and that I'll send 4.000 words on the flight of the natives from the village and their encampment at the foot of the mountains and of the party we have sent out to look for the German vessel, and now I am going out to make something happen. published in an American journal is his "My Brook." It appeared in the New York Ledger's Christmas issue, December 13, 1890, in a four-Christmas issue, December 13, 1890, in a fourpage souvenir appendix, and was illustrated
with four large cuts from drawings by Wilson
de Meza. Mr. Lowell wrote the poem while he
was in England in the summer of 1890, and
subsequently revised it on seeing the proofs.
The amount paid for it was \$1,000. The poem
excited varying opinions among critics, but all
praised it for its music, its polish and graceful
diction. Oliver Dyer of Mount Vernon read
it before the Lotos Club last December. The
poem is given in part below: Gordon said he would be gone for two hours at least, and as Stedman did not feel capable of receiving any more nerve-stirring messages, he cut off all connection with Octavia by saying, "Good-by for two hours," and running away from the office. He sat down on a rock on the beach and mopped his face with his handkerchief. "After a man has taken nothing more exciting than weather reports from Octavia for a year," he soliloquized, "it's a bit disturbing to have all the crowned heads of Europe and their secretaries howling at you for details of a massacre that never came off." At the end of two hours Gordon came back from the consulate with a mass of manuscript in his hand.

"Here's 3,000 words," he said, desperately. "I never wrote more and said less in my life. It will make them weep at the office. I had to pretend that they knew all that had happened so far; they apparently do know more than we do and I have filled it tall of prevented as the office.

MY BROOK

loitered beside you the whole summer long, I gave you a life from the waste-flow of mine; and whether you babbled or crooned me a song, I listened and looked till my pulses ran wine. 'Twas but shutting my eyes; I could see, I could hea How you danced tuere, my nautch-girl, 'mid fla

What you mint for the miller will soon melt away; It is earthy, and earthy good only it buys, But the shekels you tost me are sale from decay; They were coined of the sun and the moment the files.

You are mine and no other's; with life of my life I made you a Naiad, that were but a stream; In the moon are brave dreams yet, and chances are rife. For the passion that ventures its ail on a dream.

Leapt bravely! Now down through the meado Yes, flash them and clash them on ankle and wrist,
For we're pilgrims to Dresmiand, O Daughter
Dream!
There we find again all that we wasted or mist,
And Fancy—poor fool!—with her baubie's suprem

"Change the pillows frequently," we are told by an authority on nursing, "as nothing is more restful to a patient in summer than to have a cool support to head and back."

The following suggestion, therefore, may prove to be of service: Take writing paper of any kind—old letters and envelopes can all be made of use—and cut in slips of two inches long and about half an inch wide, curl these with a dull knife and after stuffing the pillow case with them sew up the end.

The result will be a very comfortable pillow through which there will be a constant circulation of air and which will remain perfectly cool.

FEMININE PASHIONS. Features of Dress That Will Be Retained by

all these details are noticeable. It is made fo



which stands up like an aigrette in front. Apropos of the white gowns mentioned above, can women who have passed their first score and ten years continue to don white gowns and appear suitably appareled? is a question that is often mooted—unnecessarily, one would think, when the answer is apparent on every side, in their general adoption by a vast number who are no longer in the teens or twenties and who have divined the art of dressing becomingly and well. White is no longer exclusively worn by juveniles, though, of course, each one will study her individual coloring and affect the tone of white she has discovered as most becoming, whether ivory, cream, blue, the new oyster, which has a grayish shade in its folds, or pure white. She would, however, do well to give her preference to summer serges, nuns' veilings and similar soft fabrics, avoiding white silks, mohairs or anything that has a glossy surface, unless veiled with a softer and duller material, such as crepe de chine or chiffon.

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of 11 o'clock in the morning and i o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors and where there is artificial heat, laundries, &c., see that the room is well ventilated. If working in the sun wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), straw, &c., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth on a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin numbrells, when walking; a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, but be excused from work, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dissinces, headache or exhaustion occurs cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and specially if the weather is "muggy." It is

NOT MOURNING FOR THE BUFFALO. A Retired Army Officer Who Sees No Call to

season is about at an end in these last days of August and playtime must soon give way to the the fruitful occasion of much unreasonable ordinary working routine, but the favored few sentiment. Hen who never saw a buffalo ex-

dornment, was captured one day by a pawnbroker and taken into his store. The man of pledges showed him a "genuine" diamond ring, and finally persuaded him to buy it for \$150. Grey was rather proud of his ring and was showing it off. The pawnbroker, who loved a joke and knew Grey would take one good naturedly, called him to his store and said.

said:
"My friend, that is paste and not a real diamond." Grey laughed and replied:
"Well, no one will be the wiser, eh?" Then he walked over to a jeweler and had a \$250 diamond set in the same ring, paying \$20 for its use. He then visited the pawnbroker and

"Look here, I'll bet you \$200 that stone is a genuine diamond." The pawnbroker examined the stone and took the wager. Then they both went to the jeweler, who pronounced it a diamond, and the pawnbroker was out \$200. He was surprised. Grey then had the paste stone restored. The pawnbroker accosted Grey a few days afterward and said he would give him \$100 for the ring. Grey demanded and received \$150. In the course of a week he called on the purchaser and said he would bet \$200 the diamond was paste. The pawnbroker accepted the challenge and the same jeweler pronounced it paste.

The Clink of the Ice.

inside
And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur
that seemeth a buffalo hide.
How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall At the clink of the loe in the pitcher the boy brings

name
That kindles in virile bosoms that slow but devouring flame?
Or is it the midnight supper eaten before we retire
That presently by combustion setteth us all aftre?
Or is it the cheery magnum—nay, I'll not chide the

cail—
Relief with that rapturous clinkety-clink that
clinketh alike for all!

From the Chicago Herald. Mrs. Capt. May planted her shapely feet on the monkey rail of the barge Senator Blood yesterday afternoon, and, while she clung to to whom life is one long holiday and duties are cept in a menagerie are especially given to the shrouds of the main rigging with one hand, far fewer than pleasures will take good care to lamentation. An eastern paper recently gave she leveled a revolver at a crew of mutin-

FRAU BISMARCK.

during his visit to Kissingen, the students of the town taking especial delight in honoring the no indication that the German "statesman out of a job" is pining; indeed, there is little time for him to do so, for he is a very busy man, with his large brewery and pottery, both of which are profitable enterprises. In his travels Prince Bismarck is accompanied by his wife, Prince Bismarck is accompanied by his wife, whose practical nature was a sore irritation to the old Emperor William, who would have been pleased had the wife of his prime minister possessed a soul above pots and pans and cheeses. The princess, however, worships her husband and treats him as if he were a denigned Princess Bismarck about whom cepted the challenge and the same jeweler pronounced it paste.

"Good God!" the pawnbroker yelled: "when you have the ring it's a diamond, and when I have it it's paste."

"Oh," said Grey, coolly, "God is kind and looks after the devout in Virginia City."

"Oh," soil Grey, coolly, "For it is a diamond, and when I fluence over the great man, and is one of the most bitter enemies of the present German emperor. For she is unable to forgive or un-

emperor. For she is unable to forgive or understand either his want of appreciation of the ex-chancellor's services or his ingratitude toward the man who has really made Germany what it is today.

Princess Bismarck, who is on the west side of sixty, has snow-white hair, a gaunt figure, high cheek bones, and is almost as tall a woman as her husband is a man. Her face is lighted up by a kindly expression and she is very popular with those who know her well. Very decided and energetic in her tastes, as well as her opinion, she resembles her husband in refusing to brook contradiction of any sort. Her voice is pitched in a somewhat high and loud key, her conversation is of a most vivacious and amusing kind and she has a vast fund of stories and anecdotes which she is very fond of relating.

Relief with that rapurous clinkety-clink that clinketh alike for all!

I've draumt of the flery furnace that was one vast and the deare of the flery furnace that was one vast and the flery furnace that was not and the flery furnace that the flery furnace that was a crater possessed of a mad deaire.

And I've dreamt I was a crater possessed of a mad deaire of the flery flery was home for the flery flery

chains rattle when she came to and that woke me. I could hear that if I were dead. And then I made sure by her lights; she's a great boat, sir, and I can know she's a ship of war by the challenging when they change the watch. I thought you'd like to know, sir." Gordon sat up and clutched his knees with his hands. "Yes, of course," he said, "you are quite right. Still I don't see what there is to do." He did not wish to show too much youthful interest, but though fresh from civilization he had learned how far from it he was, and he was curious to see this sign of it that had come so much more quickly than he had anticipated.

the other men had been.

The natives, awed and afraid, crouched back among their buts, the marines and the sailors kept their eyes front and the German captain opened his prayer book. The debate in the bangalow was over

with his elbow, and he nudged the next, but none of the officers moved, because the captain had begun to read.

"One minute, please," called Gordon.

He stepped out into the hollow square formed by the marines and raised his helmet to the

aid in French. "I don't understand German."

The captain lowered the book in his hands and gazed reflectively at Gordon through his

and gazed reflectively at Gordon through his spectacles and made no reply.

"If I understand this." said the younger man, trying to be very calm and polite. "you are laying claim to this land on behalf of or in the name of the German government."

The captain continued to observe him thoughtfully and then said, "That is so," and then asked "Who are you?"

"I represent the king of this island, Ollyng

"I represent the king of this island, Ollypy-bus, whose people you see around you. I also represent the United States government, that does not tolerate a foreign power near her coast since the days of President Monroe and before. The treaty you have made with Mes-senwah is an absurdity. There is only one king with whom to treat, and he—"

The captain turned to one of his officers and

what we should do."
"What do they say?" asked Gordon.
"They say they do not know what to do."
"I know what I'd do," cried Gordon. "If I were not an American consul I'd pull down their old flag and put a hole in their boat and

sink her."

"Well, I'd wait until they get under way before you do either of those things, said Stedman, soothingly. "That captain seems to be a man of much determination of character."

Gordon's message and immediately shut off all connection before the Octavia operator could question him. Gordon dictated his message in this way:

"Begin with the date line Opeki, June 22.

"At 7 o'clock this morning the captain and officers of the German man-of-war Kaiser went through the ceremony of annexing this island in the name of the German emperor, basing their right to do so on an agreement made with a leader of a wandering tribe known as Hillmen. King Oilypybus, the present monarch of Opeki, delegated his authority, as also did the leader of the Hillmen, to King Tallaman or the Peacemaker, who tore down the German flag and raised that of the United States in its place. At the same moment the flag was saluted by the battery. This salute being mistaken for an attack on the Kaiser, was answered

people" --"There was only one brass cannon and two huts," expostulated Stedman.
"Well, that was the whole battery, wasn't it?"

many more such shocks as those they gave us this morning."

Gordon threw himself down dejectedly in a chair in the office and Stedman approached his instrument gingerly, as though it might suddenly explode.

"He's swearing again," he explained sadly, in answer to Gordon's look of inquiry. "He wants to know when I am going to stop running away from the wire. He has a stack of messages to send, he says, but I guess he'd better wait and take your stuff first, don't you think so?"

awful lot of trouble and yourself, too. I won't say a word.

"The American consul," read Gordon, as his pencil wrigigled across the paper, "refuses to say anything for publication until he has communicated with the authorities at Washington. But from all I can learn he sympathizes entirely with Tallaman. Your correspondent has just returned from an audience with King Tallaman, who asks him to inform the American consul," with Tallaman. Your correspondent has just returned from an audience with King Tallaman, who asks him to inform the American consul, "Now, send that off quick and get away from the instrument before that lad in Octavia begins to ask questions. I am going out to precipitate matters." Gordon found the two kings grimly upon the disorder of the village, from which the people were taking their leave as quickly as they could get their few belongings just upon the or carts. Gordon walked among grimly upon the disorder of the village, from which the people were taking their leave as quickly as they could get their few belongings just men, helping them in every way he could, and tasting in their subservience and gratitude the sweets of sovereignty. When Stedman had locked up the cable office and rejoined him he bade him tell Messeenwah to send three of his waves leave in the Justing in their subservience and gratitude the sweets of sovereignty. When Stedman had locked up the cable office and rejoined him he waves leave in the sweets of sovereignty. When Stedman had locked up the cable office and rejoined him he waves and as ever she was attempting to land her marines.

"This is a tremendous chance for descriptive writing in our what the company want."

"What's he thin I'm here for?" yelled Gordon. "Does he think I pulled down the German had locked up the cable office and rejoined him he was here I'd punch his head for him. You was and see where she was attempting to land her marines.

"This is a tremendous chance for descriptive writing is not what the company want."

"What's he thin here for?" yelled G

y "And I can be consul?" said Stedman, cheerfully.

"Of course. Tell them what I propose to
do."

Stedman turned and spoke rapidly to the two
stings. The people gathered closer to hear.

The two rival kings looked at one another in
stellence for a moment, and then both began to
speak at once, their counsellors interrupting
them and mumbling their guttural comments
with anxious earnestness. It did not take
them very long to see that they were all of or
find, and then they both turned to Gordon
and dropped on one knee and placed his hands
on their foreheads and Stedman raised his
cap.

"They agree," he explained, for it was both
pantomine to Albert. "They saintey ou as
a ruler; they are calling you Tallaman, which
means peacemaker. The Peacemaker, that is
any our title. I hope you will deserve it, but I
think they might have got a more appropriate
one."

"Then I'm really king," demanded Albert
ed ceidedly, "and I can do what I please? They
give me full power? Quick, do they?"

"Yes, but don't do it," begged Stedman,
"and just remember I am American consul
and they are the propose of the consulation of the colled son of the colled son of the colled son of the colled son of the man-of-vary on the count sheet of the man-of-vary on the man between the mountain, between the came and placed his hands
then very long to see that they were all of one of the colled son of the man-of-vary
the anticus earnestness. It did not take
them very long to see that they were all of the colled son of th

other position further out as some land men and then shell the town, and the land forces will march here and co-operate with the vessel and everybody will be taken prisoner or killed. We have the center of the stage and we are making history."

"I'd rather read it than make it," said Stedman. "You've got us in a senseless, silly position, Gordon, and a mighty unpleasant one. American Consult, Opeki: Home secretary desires you furnish list of names of English residents killed during shelling of Opeki by ship-of-war Kaiser, and estimate of amount of property destroyed.

"English consul, San

Conrespondent London Times, San Francisco Press Club.

"Go on!" said Gordon, desperately.

"Tm getting used to it now. Go on!"

American Consult, Opeki: Home secretary desires you furnish list of names of English residents killed during shelling of Opeki by ship-of-war Kaiser, and estimate of amount of property destroyed.

English consul, San

vengeance.
"Stedman," said the elder boy, in an awe struck whisper, and with a wave of his "we have not lived in vain."

[The End.]

Lowell's Last Poem. From the New York Tribune.

The last poem of Mr. Lowell's which was

ocem is given in part below:

And the bees and the base thought thought thought.

Twas the one perfect day ever fashioned by fate.

Nor dreamed the sweet wonder for us two wrought.

and the two ex-kings. The only news element in it is that the messengers have returned to report that the German vessel is not in sight and that there is no news. They think she has gone for good. Suppose she has, Stedman." he groaned, looking at him helplessly, "what am I going to do?" How you danced there, my nautch-girl, 'mid fla root and fern.
While the flushing tomauns tinkled joyous and clear On the shm wrists and ankles that flushed in thei turn. Ah. that was so long and! Ages, it seems,
And, now I return and with life and its lore,
Will they flee my gray presence, the light-fodreams,
And Will-o'-wisp light me his lantern no more?

Break locse from your thraidom! 'Tis only a leap Your eyes 'tis but shutting, just holding your breath; Escape to the old days, the days that will keep, If there's peace in the mill-pond, so is there in des

As the Moors in their exile the keys treasured still Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and no fear But the doors wil. fly open, whenever we will, To the prime of the Past and the sweet of the y

om the New York Tribune.
"My pillow is so hot!" is the frequent con plaint of the tired individual who vainly seeks

Redfern for the Fall. For the majority of summer travelers the From the Kansas City Times.

of an anomato will then purposes and the same of a street in the same of a str

one of the Lenox cottagers for morning wear and informal luncheons. Cream serge is the material and the skirt, which just rests upon the ground, has a foot border composed of material and the skirt, which just rests upon the ground, has a foot border composed of diagonal rows of white and gold mixed braid, above which is a design braided in white and gold cords. The waist is a full blouse confined by a braided girdle, and the somewhat full sleeves have narrow braided cuffs. The high straight collar, braided to match, rises from a rolled shawl collar, which is trimmed like the skirt. A soft silk tie of light canary yellow is carelessly knotted beneath this lower collar. This other model is a new walking gown, which may be used for calling. It is of very lightweight cloth, a grayish green in color. The back of the skirt hardly more than touches the ground, while the front has an add box-pleated flounce of bengaline overlapping vandykes braided in dark green and silver and caught with large, silver-rimined buttons at the top.

"Look here, I'll bet you \$200 that stone is a

Notably fond of music, I dote on a sweeter tone Than ever the harp has uttered or ever the lute When I wake at five in the morning with a feeling ive of mild excesses before I retired to When a small but flerce volcano vexes my sore

Oh, is it the gaudy ballet with features

Cup
That makes the meekest mortal anxious to whom

tor Blood's seamen because the latter are work-ing for \$25 per month, while the regular union wages are \$2 per day. The sailors were will-ing enough to go for the difference and they will probably have to wait until Mrs. Capt. May returns to her household duties and babies be-fore they will again essay to desert the Senator Blood.

The Ruler of the Man of Blood and Iron Prince Bismarck has been made much of

On certain subjects, nevertheless, the old princess has the most peculiar notions—notions which are by no means agreeable to her entour-age. For instance, she is absolutely crazy on the subject of draughts and the moment she sets her foot in a house, no matter if it is on the warmest day in summer, she insists that every door and window shall at once be hermetically